



We call it 'The Entity' by XanderNA

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Summary: Set in an alternate reality where the survivors were put into the trials in the early 1980s. The Entity has been defeated and the survivors have now escaped its grasp and have gone back getting used to normal life. However, after a worrying event, they must band together again to withstand this new threat which is known as 'The Upside Down' with the help of some familiar faces...

1. The Final Entry

Hello all,

Before this story begins, I would like to say some things first. Firstly, I do not own Dead by Daylight or any of its characters. Secondly, I do not own the cover image to the story. The artist who made the cover image is the great artist: DeVillefort. You can find their Twitter here: /dvillefort?lang=en

Be sure to check out the rest of their work as well cause they're a really good artist if you're looking for Dead by Daylight art.

Aside from that, all I have to say is that this fanfic doesn't contain any of the characters from Stranger Things and is more focused around the characters of Dead by Daylight. There are a few nods to the TV show however so don't fret. I'm also sorry if I don't perceive the characters the way you would have wanted them to be but I'm doing what I think works the best in my mind so I'm sorry if we disagree on that.

Be aware, this story contains mild swearing and violence as well and some spooky stuff.

I hope you enjoy,

- XanderNA

June 2nd 1984

So, the beginning of Summer is almost here!

Although it already feels like it's been Summer forever. It's nice here in Boulder City though. I wasn't sure about it at first but the rest of the gang all made an agreement to live relatively close to each other so here I am. I couldn't really go back and live with my parents. Things never really worked out between us.

We're having a big meetup soon however so I'm looking forward to being able to talk to others about what happened 'before' without all the

government secrecy crap. It's going to be nice to see some others as well aside from the others who I usually see at college and such. I hear that Nea and Kate will be visiting alongside Ace so it'll be nice to see them again. I haven't heard from Jeff, Jake and Adam in forever though so I don't know what's happened to them. I heard that Adam quit his job at being a teacher but that's all of the gossip around them. Jane is doing a show just east of Salt Lake City but she said she couldn't make the party - shame.

The party's being hosted by Meg and Dwight so I think Meg'll have a lid on things - can't say the same with Dwight though.

It sure is gonna be good to just feel like we're just some average people having an average party instead of a gang of mentally affected people all slumbering about and being frightened by the thought of what was. It's gonna be a fun time, definitely. Hell, I might even get drunk for the first time in a while.

Anyway, that's about all I have time for since I have a morning class in five. I'll probs write some more here after the party. Peace.

- FM

- That was the latest entry found in Feng Min's diary that was found strewn on the forest floor the night she went missing on the 2nd of June, 1984.

2. Youngsters

"Soda or Beer?"

Dwight Fairfield's voice spoke to his friend in a questioning tone whilst his eyes were focused on the drinks aisles beside him. His friend turns to him with a bit of a playful smirk across her face.

"Seriously Dwight?" his friend says and turns to him, a large bag of crisps cradled in her arms.

"Yes Meg, I'm serious. Is-is the answer obvious?"

"It's just, you overthink a lot of these things Dwight. You're asking me, *me* what drinks we should get for the party?"

"Well, we are jointly hosting this party. We have to help each other with these decisions" Dwight explains and Meg twists her cap a little to the side whilst casually tossing the bag of chips into the trolley.

"In that case, why not just get both?" She suggests, shoving her hands in her pockets and Dwight comes to a stop. That thought hadn't occurred to him.

"Well...I mean...that could possibly-"

"You're afraid of getting the beer? Is that it?" Meg asks and Dwight gives a slight nervous chuckle.

"As if" he says, beginning to push the trolley down towards the alcohol section. However, a pair of hands reach out and bring the trolley and Dwight to a halt; Meg. She cocks her head slightly and raises her eyebrows slightly at this remark. Dwight then just awkwardly looks away, sighing to himself.

"Okay yeah I'm a bit unsure" he confesses, scratching the back of his head. Meg smiles to herself, spinning round to begin to walk down the aisle in triumph.

"C'mon Meg! You know I hardly drink and plus, when my parents check my card again, I don't want that showing up. I just feel that everyone else would be wanting to drink something like-"

Dwight's speech is cut off from a medium-sized cardboard box is placed into the shopping cart, catching him off guard slightly. Meg taps the top of the box twice with her left hand, almost as a way of saying 'it's yours'. Dwight looks up to Meg and this time, she has a more sincere look of kindness on her face as she gives an understanding smile.

"It's cool Dwight - peer pressure - I get it. I can get the beers, there's a pack of twenty in that there box so I'm sure they'll be enough for everyone and then some. Plus, I understand if you haven't hosted any parties before, I wouldn't have expected you to be good at it" she says and then backs up to walk beside Dwight. He gives a slight smile at this.

"Huh...wow. Wait...is that a compliment or...?"

"Come on, let's pay" Meg cuts him short which provokes a chuckle from Dwight.

They finish picking their items before paying for the supplies and bringing it into the car park to meet Dwight's car. It's a grey Ford Galaxie 500 which a couple of dirt marks lining the fenders. It's not a particularly interesting car to look at but it gets the job done. Dwight barely drives it though, even though his parents bought it for him as a birthday present. They did, however, need it for hauling all the party supplies they needed for tonight so this time was a special occasion.

They pack all the shopping in the boot and then they both collectively pull Meg's pedal bike out of the back seats, taking a bit of effort in doing so. Eventually, however, it's pulled free and Meg sets it down firm across the scratchy gravel. Dwight adjusts his blue t-shirt, giving him some air and then nods to Meg whilst rotating around to the driver's door.

"So you're going where exactly?" Dwight asks, opening the door before leaning up against it. Meg mounts her bike, getting a feel for the rubber handles as she does so.

"I'm visiting David with his new job with Claudette now. Apparently, he's working in an ice cream shop; I have to see him" Meg says in a sort of fake eagerness. Dwight laughs at this, the thought of the

toughest person he knows dishing up ice cream to the young being an almost crystal clear image in his mind.

"Damn, I'm jealous now...just remember - be at mine for 5 pm okay? Party's starting at six so I need you to help me prepare" Dwight informs her.

"Sure thing dad" Meg jokes which provokes a light chuckle from her friend before he enters his car, turning the key in the ignition.

Dwight's car almost splutters to a start, smoke seeping from the exhaust and the engine making a substantial whirring noise. But he drives slowly and surely out of the car park, giving a small wave to Meg on his way out. Meg waves back before pushing herself off the ground and pedal.

Meg didn't mind cycling around Boulder.

Sure, it was hot, but it felt rewarding to be using physical power to transport. That's what kept Meg all these years. That rush of speed, the aching of legs or the burning of her lungs after a heavy race. She had gotten involved in some other sports of late besides running: baseball and boxing were her two main sports but she did always seem interested in playing hockey sometimes.

As she cycled, she took in the sight of the roads and the early morning passerby. For 10 am, she was actually surprised by the number of people out. She knew that David's job opened at nine in the morning but she had to help Dwight out first with the shopping. She just needed to get Claudette now and then they could be off.

They agreed they were going to meet at a designated corner in between Meg's favorite resultant and Claudette's favorite library. They called it 'girls corner' for obvious reasons. Feng would sometimes be seen here as well if they ever arranged to meet up.

Turning at a junction, however, would reveal that only Claudette would be waiting there, book in hand and backpack on her back.

Claudette Morel was a girl around the same early age of nineteen as

Meg Thomas yet the two girls seemed quite different.

Claudette was dressed sensibly in brown slacks, an inner green shirt and a white denim jacket on the outside. She also wore a green neck scarf that fit neatly around her jacket. Her hair was its usual style of being brown and puffy, set into a ponytail at the back. Her usual slim white glasses were also apparent with the rest of her attire.

"What are you reading there?" Meg makes an entrance, slowing her bike slightly. Claudette turns to her, smiles knowingly and then closes the book, flashing the cover to the athlete. The title reads 'Plantlife: A biological study' with the cover being a simple green patch alongside some cartoon roots and leaves.

"Nothing you'd find interesting. You ready?" Claudette says, preemptively motioning to the building behind.

It was a colorful building, painted with flairs of blue and red along with a basic white with the text of 'Scoops Ahoy' pasted as the title of the establishment. The two look to each other before entering the place and taking in the surrounds around them.

The tables are set up in booths with red leather seats accompanying them. The walls are painted in an image of the ocean and pirates alike; the target audience seemed to be kids. But then again, there were still quite a few adults, some with children, some with friends and even some by themselves. Customers had bowls and containers of ice cream which had a varied amount of colour sprinkled atop of them.

It was definitely a lively place but the best part behind it was the man currently behind the counter.

The man bore broad shoulders with short and somewhat scruffy hair atop his head with buzz cut hair lining the sides of his head. He was currently donning a sailors uniform with a navy blue short sleeved top alongside a red neck scarf which was somewhat crumpled up. There were streaks of white lining on the uniform to add the ridiculous factor of how it looked but the man also wore a name badge: David.

He has a somewhat, fed up look on his face but then Meg and

Claudette step up to the counter and his eyes wander over to them. His face, instead of changing to happiness upon seeing familiar faces, switches to a much more disgruntled look of annoyance and just exhaustion.

"You have got to be kidding" David's voice rang low yet noticeable and the two girls can't help but laugh at his remark and at his outfit.

David was known as one of the toughest of the group way back when they all met up, so seeing him in this establishment was a sight for sore eyes.

"Hey David" Meg greets, almost teasingly. David squeezes his eyes together with a spare hand.

"Good to see you two again though, wish we could of met *elsewhere* though" he says whilst giving his usual nod to Claudette as she waves back, still laughing to herself.

Meg puts one hand on the counter, leaning up against it and flashing her best smile possible.

"So, can you serve me and my friend here two vanilla ice creams here?" Meg says, preemptively unpacking her wallet. She gets a concerned glance from Claudette about this but Meg insists in paying for the two of them anyway, they could use the cold refreshment.

"Well, you want anything with them? Flake or anything-"

"Oh - no. Serve us like you would any other customer. Give us the 'Scoops Ahoy' welcome" Meg says, her voice dripping with evil intent. David hesitates, chuckles to himself for a moment before locking eyes with Meg for a couple of seconds. His smile drops.

"You're joking right?" he asks lightly.

"I'm not" Meg responds.

"No - like - I know you do this sometimes"

"I'm not joking"

Silence.

"You want me to give you-"

"I want you to give me the 'Scoops Ahoy' welcome"

More silence.

"Meg" David almost begs.

"I'll throw in a tip" she tempts.

Eventually, David rolls his eyes, sighs and then grabs a nearby sailor's hat and places it sloppily upon his head, already prompting a small laugh from Claudette. He gives a harmless glare to Meg before his lips curve upwards into a smile that's way too cheerful for David to be wearing.

"Well ahoy there ladies! Let-"

Claudette bursts out laughing. It's such a howl of glee that even some people in the booths turn to view what made the noise. David views this but just carries on speaking whilst Meg is trying her absolute best not to laugh and keep her order 'serious'.

"Let me be the first to welcome you aboard to Scoops Ahoy! So what can I get you too to eat before you travel out into the sea of the unknown" David says, his energy still holding up. Meg's smile almost falters.

"Well 'Captain'-"

Claudette lets out another howl in the middle of Meg's request and now Meg can't keep it in any more as her serious demeanour fades and she leans up against the counter, laughing. Eventually, David breaks too and soon, the three are just laughing together like they're young again, like they weren't once hunted by some unspeakable force.

Meg straightens.

It's just so nice to be normal again. To laugh. To act like kids.

"Anyway, two vanilla right?" David says, preemptively scooping the ice cream up.

The two young ladies confirm.

After a couple of moments, David hands each of them a cone and then proceeds to take off the pitiful sailors hat.

"You're coming to the party right?" Claudette asks, wiping her mouth a little. David nods and smiles.

"Of course. I'd do anything to get off this job" he says, grinning but then glancing around nervously, presumably to check if his manager heard that. Meg smiles at this.

"Nice. *Nice!* Damn it's going to be so good to see everyone again" Meg comments.

David nods.

"I even hear that Ace and all that is coming down as well, that true?" David asks and gets an approving nod from Meg.

"I'm sure everyone will be there, don't worry" Meg says, biting down on her ice cream and getting cold teeth.

After the brief catchup, they part on their separate ways, each of them prepping for the night that was to come.

3. Long time no see

"Room for one more?"

Nea Karlson's voice would call through to the driver of a bright red Cadillac Eldorado, somewhat sarcastically. She had her black hair cropped short and she wore it down; it was too hot to have her beanie. She wore a green polo shirt along with some black skinny jeans which had been ever so slightly torn at the knees. She wore green canvas shoes with white laces, her left one starting to become loose. She carried her bag over her shoulder - it wasn't much: a change of clothes, toiletries and her wallet was all she really needed.

The driver of the Cadillac Eldorado would turn to her, sliding down his sunglasses to get a good look at her.

"Nea. Still as gorgeous as always" the man said with a tease, opening the passenger door for her. She smirked.

"And you're as charming as always Ace. I really *do* wonder how you don't have a lady friend yet" Nea would say, sarcastically of course. He would just grin again and motioned to the passenger seat beside him and whilst Nea did question this gesture, she sat beside him anyway as he turned the keys to the ignition. The car jump started and then purred to life, a steel cat of an engine. Nea slung her seatbelt over her whilst turning to Ace.

"I find it hard to believe you got this car legitimately. Did you?" Nea asks as the driver pulled out from his spot. Ace shrugs.

"Of course. Managed to get a rich guy angry enough to bet his car at me. Easy win, you could see his cards in his glasses since he was sitting in the light" Ace explains whilst pulling out of the parking spot he was in when waiting for Nea.

She had flown over from her parents' house in Sweden - they bought her the plane ticket. When Nea came back from the fog, her parents were beyond relieved since they were used to her disappearing but it had gone on for too long. There were tears but also this strange tension between her parents. Either way, they still loved her when

she came back.

The duo was now on their way to pick up another friend but of course, the drive to the pickup was a bit lengthy.

"I heard about...you and Jake" Ace says, turning a corner. Nea hesitates a bit at this, her mind returning to another place.

They *were* something before. Now they're just friends. In reality though, they haven't seen each other for about a year.

"How do you think he is?" Nea asks, turning to Ace. He shrugs.

"Well...I just hope the guy's alive. I haven't heard anything from him since we all separated" he responds and the Swede smiles knowingly.

"Oh, he's alive all right" she says, leaning back into her chair. Ace smirks at this.

"Oh? You've been staying in contact?" he comments with a hint of mischief. Nea gives him a dirty side-eye.

"Any of the girls stayed in contact with you?" Nea fires in return, smirking back. Ace's smile wavering a bit in the silence that followed.

"Damn it's really hot here huh?" Ace attempts to steer both the car and the conversation in different directions. Nea just laughs at this but then he too joins in.

"Really though, it's been good to see you again, honestly being able to finally talk to people about before is so relieving. No more secrecy stuff. Just feels good" Nea let's out, leaning back in the leather seat. Ace nods to this.

"I've always been tempted on just writing something about it. *Something*. Just the fact the suits tell us to shut up and stay quiet about it pisses me off a bit. We have to go through that and then we just have to return to normal life" Ace says and Nea turns to his unexpected speech. She had always really expected Ace to be easygoing with a dash of rebellion but this was something else.

"Well, let's keep quiet about it. You've got yourself a fancy car, I got

myself a job. No one is dead because of it. We all got out of it so no need to spill the beans yet" Nea explains and Ace chuckles lightly at this.

"Spill the beans'? How very American of you Nea" he chimed to the young Swedish woman.

They continue driving in silence, with Ace's eyes on the road and Nea's on the environment around her. As they trickled more and more into Boulder City, the grassy lands were replaced with sandy dunes with cacti and intricate plants Nea had never seen before. The sun began to burn down brighter upon them and Nea was glad that her parents had insisted on packing sunscreen for her.

"Here she is" Ace's speech breaks Nea's train of thought and she turns to him before watching as he pulled to the side of the road. It looks as if they had stopped in the middle of virtually nowhere since the only structure was a small bus stop with little to no cover from the sun. There was however what seemed to be a motel behind it so it wasn't the most isolated place. Still though, it didn't exactly feel safe.

There was a sight though that made Nea instantly more comfortable however.

"Kate!" Nea speaks to a figure standing underneath what shade the bus stop had who heard the call. It stood up, smiling as it walked to Nea's side of the car.

"Haven't seen you guys in a while" Kate says, running her hand through her hair. Her shoulder-length hair was still its usual colour which was a soft ginger. Her fashion has definitely changed from when Nea had last saw her into something a little more colourful.

She was wearing a short sleeved and loose button up shirt which had a vibrant blue as its base colour with an assortment of orange triangles scrambled randomly across the shirt which was tucked into her trousers. She wore jeans that came above her waist with the end of the legs rolled up ever so slightly, revealing her white socks and blue sneakers.

"Looking good sweetheart, hop in" Ace compliments as Kate hugs Nea

from her seated position.

"Thanks Ace, I could say the same about your car" she fires back whilst slotting her luggage into the boot of the car.

As she gets into the middle back seat, Ace explains the same tale he told to Nea of how he got the car and at the end, she nods to it.

Kate and Nea catch up however, with Kate asking her about how Nea was with her parents and Nea asking whether or not her whole 'singer' career had worked. She shrugs a bit at this question.

"I've gotten by, I don't really like to talk about it but I haven't seen you in forever so, why not?" she says but Nea shakes her head slightly.

"It's fine if you don't want to, I just heard everything was going okay before you got taken so I was just curious" Nea explains but now Kate is the one to shake her head.

"It's going better than fine, it's going great. It just doesn't feel the same as before" Kate explains and Nea raising an eyebrow prompts more from Kate.

"My songs are relatively the same but I get called different names. Not a lot are bad but it's just a certain few"

"Your fans have been calling you names? Like what?"

"Well, there's 'Ghost girl' -"

From the front, Ace snorts at this which gets an annoyed look from Nea but the Swede is reassured when she too gives a light chuckle.

"Yeah, it's pretty stupid some of the names but I don't know, just these names which related to what happened to all of us before. It just feels strange. They all pass it around like a joke but they don't know what it was like. Some may have experienced something similar but...not the same as back then" she finishes and Nea gives a slow yet understanding nod to this and in his mind, Ace solemnly agrees with this as well.

Nea had always expected Kate to be the stereotype of a 'dumb blonde'. She was young, silly and wild and when she first turned up within the fog that day, Nea had expected her to be next to useless. But just like Dwight had, Kate proved her wrong.

Sure, it may of taken her a while to get the hang of repairing the machinery that they had worked on and sure, it was frustrating how she didn't understand for the first couple of days that talking should be kept to a minimum but it was scary how she was often the one to go back for others. It was scary since it didn't matter if you left others. As that journal that they had found there had written in its pages, 'death was not an escape'. The worst it would do would cause a dispute to be brought up at the campfire the next time these two saw each other.

Leaning back into her chair though, Nea would conclude that whatever it was that trapped them in that place had changed them, for better or for worse.

Ace cleared his throat, breaking the silence.

"We still have around an hour left till we get there, so I suggest you ladies get some rest for now" Ace explains and Kate acknowledges this and Nea expects her to carry on talking but instead she just leans up against the window, watching the world go by.

Nea decides that maybe some sleep would be advisable since she hardly got any on the plane over and decides to retrieve her beanie from her pack and slide it over her eyes, listening to the engine as it hummed a song of speed along the road.

She smiled to herself.

God it was good to be back.